



HE NEVER FORGOT

On a very long, hot day in Georgia, the Lord showed me that He remembers our prayers.

By Jeff Brown

I had a remarkable experience one day on my mission in Georgia, USA. Before leaving for our appointments that day we knelt in prayer. As I prayed, I distinctly felt what I was supposed to pray for. I asked the Lord to help us find somebody *that day* whom we could teach and baptize.

Our area was a military base. We didn't live on the base, so we had to ride our bikes for miles to get there. It was very hot that day and we had to stop frequently for water breaks.

One after another, each of our 10 appointments fell through. We couldn't believe it. We rode mile after mile, working all day until there were no appointments left.

About halfway home we stopped at a member's home for more water and asked about his neighbors. He told us he had forgotten to talk to them, but after we thanked him for the water and started to leave, he called out to us, "Hey, wait! I want you to meet my mom."

As he introduced us to her, we seemed to connect right away. I still remember the strong feelings in the room and the sweet spirit that was there. We later had many wonderful lessons with her, and she was eventually baptized.

That night after we first met her, we rolled into our apartment dragging our worn-out bodies. I remember dropping in exhaustion to my knees to say my prayers. As I started to thank Heavenly Father for the blessing of finding this special person, I remembered my morning prayer. The Lord reminded me clearly that He had not forgotten my prayer. I will never forget the lesson I learned from the Lord about a long hard day's work and the power of prayer. **NE**

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